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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE EXAMPLE

Here's an example from a Butterfly;
That on a rough, hard rock
happy can lie;
Friendless and all alone
On this unsweetened stone.

Now let my bed be hard, no care
take I;
I'll make my joy like this small
Butterfly;
Whose happy heart has power
To make a stone a flower.

—*William H. Davies*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 51
The Queen of Bulgaria.—David Starr Jordan.... 52
Vacation Readings. (Continued) 52

THE PULPIT—
Jesus the Founder of Christianity and the Master of Men. IV. As He Survives in the Hearts of Men 57

CONTRIBUTED—
The Pacifist Strategy.—Charles Fletcher Dole.. 55
A Non-Militant Lesson from the Front..... 60
A Call to Young Men.—David Starr Jordan..... 60

POETRY—
The Need.—*Thomas Curtis Clark*..... 51
The Lost Tribe.—Edward Vance Cooke..... 56

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The Flowering of Christianity in Universal Religion. XXX. Prophets of Universal Religion. III. James Martineau 61

THE FIELD—
The Obligations of Wealth 63

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXX. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1917 NUMBER 4

THE NEED

The Cry of the World's Wretched Ones

The touch of human hands—
That is the boon we ask;
For groping, day by day,
Along the stony way,
We need the comrade heart
That understands,
And the warmth, the living warmth
Of human hands.

The touch of human hands;
Not vain, unthinking words,
Nor that cold charity
Which shuns our misery;
We seek a loyal friend
Who understands,
And the warmth, the pulsing warmth
Of human hands.

The touch of human hands—
Such care as was in Him
Who walked in Galilee
Beside the silver sea;
We need a patient guide
Who understands,
And the warmth, the loving warmth
Of human hands.

—*Thomas Curtis Clark.*

Dedicated to Miss Jane Addams.

A correspondent in close touch with the Food Administration in Washington says:

> I think it is a remarkable fact that Roman Catholics, Jews and Protestants have accepted a single religious press representative. I do not know that such a thing has occurred before in our history. It seems to me it promises good for future relations. If the war shall draw all the religious forces of our country closely together, I am sure we should feel that a decided good had come out of this terrible evil.

The various peace organizations, churches and organizations of churches are promising to do great things "when the war is over." They are girding themselves for a great struggle for peace after peace has come. Meanwhile, most of them seem to have gone into retirement, laid their religion on the shelf and piously bade the Prince of Peace wait a while until his turn comes. Meanwhile, Rome ventures when New York, Boston and Chicago hesitate. Catholicism promises to lead a halting, half-hearted Protestantism and the old time promise of a world wide Christianity is being reasserted by the Pope of Rome.

Democracy must grow its roots before it can flower into reality, or find permanent fruition. Everything ultimately resolves itself into a question of individual strength and responsibility. The individual is greater than the State, in that the individual alone can supply what the State needs. Character, personal worth, individual initiative and decision, definite ideas of right and justice, clear vision of the ideal State,—these are the roots of democracy. Mobs can only surge to chaos; only a strong man can give direction and safety. The real dynamic of democracy is the Will of Man. And in so far as religion finds its chief task in creating character and in developing will, it is contributing more than all else to the reality of democracy. C.

The War Department very justly asks editors to be conservative in their publication of private letters written by soldiers. For "though a soldier's letter may be passed by the censor it does not mean that it is passed for publication." It asks the editors to remember that a soldier "sees but little and frequently does not undertsand what he does see." Very true, but what about the editors who write without seeing anything and who manufacture news with a lead pencil. Who will devise a war method of editing the editors who persist in impugning the motives of honest men, meeting the arguments of reasoning and loyal citizens with billingsgate. In the hands of such editors the words, "traitor," "treason," "copperhead," "slacker" and "pacifist" are possible terms of honor.

Lincoln Steffens, under the auspices of the American Liberty Defense League, gave a lecture in the Central Music Hall, Chicago, last Saturday evening, on Russia the new Republic. The audience was large and select and the enthusiasm great. He discovers in this new movement a higher promise of democracy than has yet been realized anywhere. In the new Russia they really have free speech and a liberty that is liberty. "They have a formula for lasting peace that can be put into effect as soon as the rest of the world sees the light as these Russians do." He said that "after the revolution when the citizens were debating the repudiation of secret treaties German agents were actually allowed to voice sentiments in the public meetings. That was the first real free speech I ever heard." The United States will do well to listen to this interpretation of the new democracy and will do better to imitate the attitude and spirit of the new Russia. Of course there is trouble ahead for them, action and reaction. Evolution implies local and temporary revolution, but the land of Tolstoy and Verestchagin is just now the land of promise, the lively hope of democracy.

The religious denominations and many of their churches are easing their conscience, that calls for clear discussion of war service, by advising their constituents to arrange their diet on more economical lines. A special bulletin prepared for the "religious press" is before us which tells us to eat more corn and less wheat and that the Food Administration's chart contains seventy kinds of salt water fish and thirty-six kinds of fresh water fish, besides five kinds of crustaceans and seven kinds of shellfish." By eating more fish and less meat, more corn and less wheat we will help along the war, postpone the day of starvation caused by the war. Why not lay the axe at the root of the tree right now, let the horrible work of destruction cease, call the boys out of the trenches and send them back to the constructive work of the world and let the diplomats settle the war by the higher weapons of diplomacy made efficient by the prayers of the righteousness and the leadership of the prophets of religion. There is an old doctrine much prized in the churches before the war, that needs reiteration. The very plain but apparently forgotten doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. Brethren, let us try this a while.

A Chicago divine disposes of the German answer to the Pope's letter as being "nothing but a mouthful of words." But words may be "apples of gold in baskets of silver," words may be things more forceful than bullets, sentences go farther than bombs thrown out of the most far reaching cannon. Most of the words in this reply of the Central Powers are the good words in which we rejoiced when spoken by the President of the United States. Of course diplomats are nothing if not strategic. There is more to be said, explanations to be made, misunderstandings to be corrected, but it is the encouraging thing that the process has begun, the battle is being shifted from the trenches to the council chambers of the nations. First the contest was a play of brawn, then a play of brains and lastly is to be a revelation of heart and conscience. Alas, for the United States if it hardens its heart against this program, and woe to the country that is swayed by a belligerent press, determined to read small all the benignancy of the day and read large the malignancy of the hour. Alas, for a Christianity that converts its pulpits into rifle pits from which bitter words, harsh judgments and hatreds are fired at submissive, susceptible and unprotected listeners.

The Queen of Bulgaria

Eleanore, Queen of Bulgaria, whose death is announced in the press, was a woman of high order, intelligent, finely educated and with noble human sympathies. She was deeply moved by the suffering of her people in the three wars in which Bulgaria has taken part. She established Red Cross hospitals, sending for American trained nurses to help in the work of education. She helped widows of officers to enter the profession of nurse and to take kindergarten training for the benefit of suffering children.

In 1913 she had a plan of coming to America to give lectures to gain sympathy with Bulgarian people, their hopes and aims, and to secure help for sufferers. This plan the outbreak of the great war prevented. She was greatly interested in the work of American teachers in the Near East. She said to me that "Robert College is the very heart of Bulgaria." This finely equipped school, founded by Americans in the outskirts of Constantinople, has done admirable work for scholarship as well as for democracy. The majority of the students are Bulgarian and the head of the University of Sofia, Dr. Stephan Kyroff, is a graduate of Robert College.

In spite of the bitterness felt toward Roumania by the Bulgarian people, Queen Eleanore expressed to me her deep gratitude toward Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, the gifted poetess who had treated her sister queen with the greatest kindness. Towards the Kaiser, who had robbed Bulgaria of her prospective seaport, Kavalla, to make it "a present to his sister, the Queen of Greece," she felt a justifiable resentment.

The Queen was respected and loved by the Bulgarian people, and her presence, no doubt, helped to strengthen the waning prestige of King Ferdinand. Mainly the character of its environment (almost surrounded by absolutism) has kept Bulgaria from becoming a republic.

David Starr Jordan.

Vacation Readings

(*Continued from* Unity *of September* 20, *page* 37)

The would-be religious papers have been busy throughout the vacation with H. G. Wells's "God the Invisible King" (Macmillan). Having liked extremely his "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," we can but like this book, which is evidently made up of some of the chips left over in the workshop that produced the great war story, the real meaning of which, and its far-reaching lesson, has been parried by the pro-war people. The theologians can easily pick flaws in this "layman's theology," but it is good to find a layman who has found a religion and has found it at the near end. This layman has found God growing in the hearts of man, ripening into a living faith in a "becoming God" at this end of the line and a besetting mystery at the other. If in his frankness and haste,

impatience or blindness he fails to make the connecting link between the cosmos and the human, we say, never mind, there is enough to engage our energies, to awaken our devotion, to sustain our conscience in the God that is at the near end. There is time, nay eternity, in which to make the long-distance connection. Let us preserve a reverent agnosticism in regard to the universe, an active devotion in regard to the human requirements and the humane obligations. Mr. Wells apparently is too conscious of orthodoxy, from which he has recently escaped; he is troubled with the creeds, with their doctrines of the trinity, sin, damnation, hell and the Bible infallibilities. Never mind, forget the old creeds, they are mostly dead anyway. Let the dead bury their dead. You, Mr. Wells, have made a real contribution to the new creed.

During his vacations the Editor does not go in search of "religious books," believing that religion under such circumstances is best studied out of doors and without the aid of cyclopedias or commentaries. But religious books pursued him with characteristic fertility. "The Best Man I Know Developed Out of the Will for the Good Of All," by Dr. Hyde of Bowdoin College (Macmillan), is more than an interesting composite of what he calls a Christian man. It is a beautiful, forceful analysis which must one day have formed a splendid address to some college boys. It is almost amusing to see how publisher and author strain themselves to make a fifty cent book out of this short address, and they have succeeded quite well. Perhaps it has gone farther as "a little book" than it could have in any other form. Other college professors will do well to study this model.

"Religion in A World At War" (Macmillan) is a churchman's book, as well it might be, from the pen of Dr. George Hodge, Dean of the Episcopal Theological School of Cambridge, Massachusetts. It is a scholarly piece of work, a clever blending of modern biblical criticism and ancient devotion to the Bible as a book of authority, the final arbiter in religion. It is an ingenious not to say ingenuous attempt to write piety into the present war. Easter Day, Memorial Day, All Saints Day and The Christmas season are read into the present world catastrophy. The problem of pain and its relation to the world's progress is discussed, and the book of eight little sermons closes with a triumphant assertion of the virility of the Christian religion. Dr. Hodges is perfectly clear as to the atrocity of war and the twist to conscience of war-like feelings, still somehow he yields to the Rip Van Winkle temptation that besets ministers at the present time that this more than any other war is right, and shows the disposition not to count this "once more" and to justify this one more battle, this one more war atrocity, one more slaughter of the innocents, one more dreadful destruction of property and the disregard for the sanctities of life. With ecclesiastic ease he begs the whole question, apparently unconscious that he does beg it, when he says that "it is plain no process of peace can solve the present situation!" How does he know it? Have all the other processes been tried? Have the forces of peace been led with a Calvary like devotion by those who profess to be followers of the Lamb rather than the lion, soldiers of the "Prince of Peace"? He calls Christianity a militant religion. He admits that the devil has almost disappeared from our theology, but seems to give him a large place to play in our statesmanship. He admits that "To no period in history may the titles, 'The Failure of the Church,' 'The Collapse of the Church,' be so fittingly applied as to those days when the services of religion were most splendid and most numerously attended, and the Church was the most conspicuous fact in human life." He admits further that this particular war "defies both religion and civilization." He confesses that "It is a manner of settling differences such as is proper not to rational beings, but to brute beasts." Still he closes with the conviction, which is ours, justified as we believe by philosophy and religion, that though "the thrones of the wicked seem as solid as the everlasting hills," still we may look for "new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." The militant man of religion will claim that his bayonets are justified of this book, but the man of peace, even in the presence of war, reads a message of love between the lines of Dr. Hodge's interesting and labored little book.

"War books" were the books we did not seek, for, in the main, like the "war news," magazine articles and even the poets, they are too much inflamed with passion, anxiety, bitterness and "patriotism" to be profitable to the mind or restful to the spirit, but "Why Italy Entered Into the Great War" by Luigi Carnovale commanded our interest as the editorial notice of the same in last issue indicates.

How simple and available is the lore concerning world religion coming to be. Thirty years ago the writings of Max Mueller, Samuel Johnson and other students of ethnic religions were cumbersome, costly and academic; only those trained to study would tackle them. Even the successful attempt to popularize the studies, such as James Freeman Clarke's "Ten Great Religions," could scarcely take the place of text books to students. There comes to our table the last simplification by Professor Barton of Bryn Mawr College, entitled "The Religions of the World" (University of Chicago Press), a little book of only 350 pages, with ample reference lists, indices, etc. Fourteen religions, reaching from that of Babylonia to Christianity, are here treated in such a way that

the book becomes an adequate handbook for class and club work. Happy is the church that possesses a minister who is willing to devote a year's work in leading a class with this as a guidebook. The author's conclusion of the whole matter is satisfying both to the soul and to the intellect. He tells us that of all religions Mohammedanism, Buddhism and Christianity alone have aimed at universality. He further declares, "Without disparaging or underestimating either of the others, it must be said that in spite of all the un-Christian things that have marred its history, and its failure to realize its ideals in life, the best hope of the world lies in the possibility that Christianity may come to have universal influence." This is because it offers a conception of God capable of being adequate to the needs of man's expanding knowledge of the universe, and with the ethical standards of Jesus it affords the best basis for universal brotherhood. It was the aim of Jesus to make the whole world such a brotherhood—one family.

More after the style of the earlier books in comparative religion, comes "China, An Interpretation," by James W. Bashford. It is a large book of over 600 pages, its nineteen chapters covering a wide range of Chinese studies; China's industrial, commercial and educational life, China reflected in its literature, philosophy and its sages, woman's life in China and the modern adventures in statecraft. The notable thing about this book is that it is written by a Methodist Bishop after a term of years' residence in China. Mr. Bashford, before he was a bishop, was a professor. He is an academic man after the fashion of Sir William Jones, Monier Williams and other great missionaries. He realized that the first step toward helping the Chinese was to understand them. He realized that if Christianity had anything to offer it must be presented as the something *more* rather than the something *instead of* their own religious treasures, sacred texts and sage sayings. This Methodist man after such a study closes his book with the prophecy that "China will merge into modern civilization and take her place among the great nations of the earth."

Thirty years or more ago a fascinating little book entitled "The Blessed Bees" had wide currency. It was written anonymously by someone who knew a lot about bees. It was a book of science successfully breaking into literature. Many widows, independent maidens and broken down preachers saw in it a way of earning honest bread, and they ventured on bees, generally to their unmaking, because their particular bees would not behave as the bees in the book did. Something would happen unforeseen, even the honey when made would not market according to the book. The bee part of the book was all right, but that modern Michigan youth who sailed through college on the wings of his bees could not be duplicated. It subsequently transpired that the author of "The Blessed Bees" was an Unitarian minister, and that even his own bees did not yield him a very good living. Here is another dangerous book, which tells how a broken down professor of mathematics, too old for the faculty at sixty-two years of age, went back to the land, and after several more years of floundering, unsuccessful partnerships and all that, succeeded in reviving an old New England farm and bringing to himself a degree of independency in his old age. The story of Alexander Hadlock's "Second Wind," by Freeman Tilden (B. W. Huebsch), is so fascinating and altogether so naively scientific that it becomes a dangerous book. The cow and the balanced ration, the potato field and its fertilization, the value of the cow tester, the figures about "Old Blackie" and "Spot" are unquestionably justified in the lore of the dairy. The only unreliable and impossible element is this phenomenal old professor. We doubt if Freeman Tilden is the real name of the author. His life would not be safe if any other broken down professor would undertake to follow his advice on an old broken down farm. This editor of UNITY knows something about farming at short range himself. Professor Hadlock may have walked two miles every day at noon from where he was chopping in an exchange work to feed his calf, he may have gotten up at midnight to milk his cow when the temperature was thirty degrees below zero in order to keep the flow of milk from being reduced, he may have gotten up at four o'clock in the morning and worked until eight at night, but let no other ex-professor try to do it after he has been "scrapped" to the refuse heap. It really is an interesting book with a basis of science, but woe to the city man who ventures on a similar experiment with so slender a capital of time, skill, experience and money as this wonderful professor of mathematics. The only one of the kind we suspect ever produced and he probably died from overwork and exposure.

But after all what's a vacation without poetry. Even the river and the bluffs and the ever comforting trees of Tower Hill are not to be trusted without the possible reinforcement always within reach. Of course the old standbys, Emerson, Browning and Whitman, were within reach. Of course a conservative selection of last year's comrades had to be brought along: Masefield, Frost, Service and Vandyke were comfortable companions. But the new books: Sara Teasdale, Margaret Widdemer, Eunice Titjens, Irene McLeod, Dana Burnet, Don Marquis, Abercrombie, Walter de la Mare, etc., were charming companions when read on the horizontal, and of course the ever faithful soon to become indispensable anthologies of Miss Rittenhouse, Braithwaite, Mrs. Waldo Richards, Upton Sinclair, Erskine and J. W. Cunliffe. J. LL. J.

(To be continued.)

The Pacifist Strategy

We use the word Pacifist in practically a new sense. In the ordinary thought almost every one is a pacifist. In other words, all say that they abhor war. But the same people who say this proceed immediately, if their own country goes to war, to find reasons why their war is necessary, that is, a good, or even a holy war. Most of the people of every nation in the present war are saying this for themselves and their allies. But this kind of a pacifist does not make peace; he makes war every time, and he undoubtedly helps to keep the war system in vogue and to give it respectability.

It comes to pass that, while in times of peace every one likes to be thought a pacifist, no one is much interested in the subject till war comes, and then the Peace Societies drop their general activities and proclaim a *Moratorium*. Mr. Roosevelt is fond of talking of "professional pacifists," as if they were a considerable class and perhaps got their living like lawyers from their business. If indeed he and others mean by "professional pacifists" what is meant by "professed" Christians, they are as numerous as they are helpless. But if you mean paid workers, you can scarcely find them anywhere, and if you find them at all, as likely as not they are in the service of "The League to Enforce Peace," that is, serving an Association that justifies war.

We have to use the word pacifist therefore in a substantially new sense. For almost the first time in history, we are feeling out for a definite and permanent program or policy. War maintains its subtle hold on modern society because the Church and the State have so far combined to make it thoroughly respectable. The war system is a vast organized institution. Even in the United States the largest part of the national outlay goes for the two departments of the Army and Navy. To be a professional soldier is to follow an honored calling. To be a friend or connection of an army officer gives a certain distinction to the ordinary citizen. To wear a uniform catches the eyes of the women. Society does nothing so much for any other profession. No modern man would dream of going out on an orgy of destruction, if the laws and customs had not lifted this business into special honor and respectability.

Now our program is to make the whole war system cease for ever to be respectable. We propose to do with it exactly what has been done in one stage of moral evolution after another with respect to other great inherited forms of social evil. Thus polygamy was once entirely respectable; the laws protected it. The good Abrahams and Jacobs practised it and people saw no harm in it! But we have made it cease to be respectable. An adverse public opinion is mightier than all repressive laws. Only lately slavery was respectable. The laws and the Constitution deferred to it; good men held slaves; learned divines defended the system with Bible texts as they now defend war. But we have made it cease altogether to be respectable, and no one wants to hold slaves.

The liquor business is another striking instance of a calling once respectable and now rapidly going out of vogue under our eyes. Our grandfathers hardly saw harm in it. Almost up to date they have given knighthood in England to rich brewers as if they were public benefactors! People envied their possessing the big fortunes made out of selling drink under the respectable cover of the laws. The Bible was quoted as usual to uphold the honor of the business. But who today desires his boy to go into any branch of the liquor business? We have come to pity men who have their capital tied up in it or who know no other trade. We shall doubtless some day feel so about the business of the soldier.

The modern pacifist has no feeling of antagonism to the unfortunate victims of the old mischievous institution. He is sorry for them, as he would be sorry if his grandfather or any other friend were still caught in the surviving toils of the drink business. He does not blame the men who were brought up to think war necessary and honorable. He sees all that they see. Perhaps once he would have done himself what they are now doing. But he simply and persistently points to the damnable nature of war, and he urges these plain questions on every opportunity. How can we possibly make war compatible with our humanity? How can we reconcile it with our religion? How can we be here in this world chiefly to do the good and civilizing will of God, and at the same time participate in that which is the sum and substance of the deeds of enmity? We urge that no time-honored laws can make it respectable to lie and cheat and rob and mutilate and kill, as the best soldiers are bidden to do in every war. We maintain that the way of civilization runs toward the polestar of righteousness, but the way of war always goes toward barbarism.

We know what people will say to this kind of doctrine. It is not popular as yet, especially among the respectable class of those who have military and governmental acquaintances, and who feel the glamor, like the ivy in a graveyard, that an old institution acquires. We can even join in the laugh, when people ask: What can your little group of somewhat obscure men and women do in the face of the great world? Why at least can you not save your breath now that the war is on? We can smile, but we know that our program is based on the realities of the spiritual universe. We are prepared to work for a long future, if it must be so, as Las Casas and others had to work to make men see the hideousness of slavery. But already we are close to the hearts of the plain people. This war itself means a kind of revolution, not so very distant perhaps, when every nation will stamp out the war system as incredibly stupid and barbarous. We hold therefore that now is the time to say fearlessly, and always kindly, that *the war system must go*, yes, that War and Navy Departments have no legitimate place in a civilized, and least of all, a democratic government. We should be most unworthy of all citizens to live in this Republic, if seeing a monster evil, which we have all tolerated too long, we should forbear from telling the truth about it and doing our uttermost to put it away.

We do not go into the idle question, which nation today is most to blame for keeping war in the world or carrying it on most efficiently. You cannot help to maintain a system which always spells intrinsic anarchy, and then blame some other nation for doing the business more thoroughly and scientifically than others do it. If you build warships and get ready for possible war, as we all do now, you set up a sym-

bolism of threats and pride, and an attitude of fear and suspicion, and you publish to the world that you plan like barbarians to kill innocent men for your own one-sided ends, of punishment, of revenge, for a boundary quarrel, for "an open door" to trade in, for a diplomatic blunder.

Can the most enlightened nation do this, and face the inexorable consequences of war, and then think itself holier than the others? Can it pride itself on the more gentlemanly and sportsmanlike manner in which it proposes to make war?

Ours, however, is not a negative policy. We can point to a long and beautiful list of the civilizing and constructive measures with which we would immediately supplant the extravagance of war. Thus if our first effort is to remove the barriers between nations, this is plainly in order to construct in the name of a larger freedom. If we say to the boy: "Don't scowl, don't quarrel," it is that we may presently say: Be a good comrade. So we say to the nation: Don't keep up the appurtenances of war, for they present an unfriendly face. We say: Don't keep up the Monroe Doctrine. For this doctrine extends the area of possible friction with other Powers all over the continent. We say: Don't make a "League to Enforce Peace," because better than all armed Leagues is the growing public opinion of the world. Don't make a League of the American Republics as against the European Nations, but rather make every kind of friendly alliance with every nation. We say: Don't meddle with Santo Domingo and Hayti, for such meddling means killing the poor people, but we say, help to establish schools in backward countries. Require also our nationals who go to live in such countries to become citizens, friends, and leaders in them, as they easily might. We say: Don't buy such places as the Danish West Indies, for we have no other use for them except the uses of war. We say: Don't fortify the Panama Canal, for every such fortification calls for more soldiers. We say: Don't build warships, but rather neutralize the oceans, as we do the Great Lakes. We say: Don't raise tariff walls against our neighbors, because they make wars and enmities, because reciprocity and free trade are more humane, and because normal trade means freedom of motion. We say: Don't dream of going to war to protect Americans in foreign parts. The Hollanders and Norwegians are just as safe in traveling abroad as if an Empire were behind them. We say: Don't insult Japan, because the only way to get on with other people is to treat them as we wish to be treated. We say: Don't be overmuch angry over Germany for breaking a treaty, and remain complacent over the treaties that we have broken, for instance, with the Indians, and with China, without any excuse of necessity. We say: Don't be so hot over the sinking of the *Lusitania* as to forget the victims of cruel racial ostracism and lynching among our own fellow citizens, whom the United States cannot protect within our own borders. We say: Don't be eager to punish foreigners for the wickedness of war, and forget that war is itself the consummation of wickedness.

In short, we propose to change public opinion about war. We will educate boys to refuse altogether to enlist to make war, as they would now refuse to fight duels. We propose to create a public opinion so abhorrent to war that no administration can again count upon a united nation to support bellicose or irritating conduct. We propose indeed to make it impossible for an American government to think of fighting to settle a disagreement. We expect to find, at least among the believers in the religion of faith, hope and love, an earnest and determined minority to take the attitude of their religion, especially in the times of stress when only this attitude does positive good.

Finally, if anyone fears that this pacifist policy will bring dangers to our Nation, that we shall be made the object of abuse and oppression, and even of invasion and plunder, we protest that such fears come from ignorance of our common human nature. We urge that no defenses for any people are so impregnable as a resolute good temper, an honest intent to deal fairly, a democratic respect for all kinds and conditions of men. We have no such unfaith in the integrity of the universe as to think that a free people of a hundred million souls will suffer destruction, because it refuses to kill its neighbors! On the contrary, history demonstrates that the reasons for fear lie on the other side, that they who take the sword are they who perish by the sword, that the preparation and expectation of war always go to make war.

CHARLES FLETCHER DOLE.

THE LOST TRIBE.

We are the babies whose fathers passed
Ere ever they took them wives.
For a king's mad pride their graves are grassed
And we—we have had no lives.

They laid them down in their narrow bed
And death was their only bride,
And because our fathers so soon are dead,
We neither have lived nor died.

Our tendril fingers have never clung
To a wondering father's own,
For the wonder within him died too young
And his fingers are whitened bone.

Our loss is a debt which a father owed;
But what of the loss to him
Whose eye for a child's joy never has glowed,
Or for childish grief grown dim?

Our wet lips never have warmly pressed
To the mother who gave no birth;
How empty, how empty that myriad breast
Because we were never of Earth!

Oh, better for her had we lived one day,
Or had died at the first sharp breath
Than that we remain in the dull, dead clay,
Knowing neither of birth nor death.

And how shall be counted the uttermost cost
To the earth which denied us womb?
How may we tell what the world has lost,
We from our birthless tomb?

Who shall say but that one of us had sufficed
To make modern an ancient Greece?
Who say but that one were a living Christ
To bring not the sword, but Peace?

EDWARD VANCE COOKE.

THE PULPIT

Jesus the Founder of Christianity and the Master of Men

IV.

As He Survives in the Hearts of Men

Sermon Preached June 6, 1915, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON

Into the beauty of another day, the wealth of another week, we come, Father. Out of the fatigue, the distractions, the perplexities and the complications of life we come into the calm of worship, into the peace of this hour dedicated to thought. Lift us, Father, above the things that pass to the heights where are the things that remain, where thy truth and love and law abide for which thy children ever seek. Help us, Father, to find the things that endure. Above all we would be guided by the deathless spirit of him "who went about doing good"—his kindly heart, his independent will, his seeking mind, and his open hand.

These, Father, may we seek and, finding them, find Thee and the strength and renewal that mark the triumphs of thy chosen ones. Amen.

My opening sermon for this year's work was on "The Rediscovery of Jesus." It was an introduction to such intensive study of the New Testament in class room, in Sunday School and in this pulpit as these distracted times might permit. To me, at least, it has been a long, perhaps exhausting, but very interesting quest. I come to you now with the last word in this study which has engaged our attention for twenty Sundays as I count them. Thirteen times I held up before your eyes as best I could the men of the New Testament as I see them. Twice we staid for a Sunday with the women of the New Testament, and now I come with the fourth and last study of the Man of Nazareth, the Carpenter's Son, and the Master of Men. I want to discover for myself and for you the Jesus who abides in the hearts of those who live in the twentieth century and claim his name.

In my opening sermon I tried to tell you how The Christ is being re-discovered by the sociologist. As the theologians find their interest waning or confused and their contentions landing us on controversial ground, the social workers, students of the economic conditions of society, turn with increased confidence to the Man of the New Testament. I referred to the work of Hauptmann, Bouck White and others. I come to you today fresh from the reading of a little book recently written by the well known and trusted writer, George Kibbe Turner. He calls his book, "The Last Christian."

This is a book written with astounding frankness, a book that must command the interest of literary men, for Mr. Turner has boldly invaded the territory that is supposed to be the peculiar domain of theologians. In this book, thrown into story form, is portrayed the slow decadence, disintegration and final death of the typical "Big White Church" in a New England village. "The last Christian," in the book, is the faithful, devoted, scholarly, stalwart pastor of this church, who kept true to his ordination vows as he understood them through thirty years of ministry. He held firmly to the "foundations of the Christian Church" as written down in his creed. But in spite of his loyalty he saw the church disintegrating under his hand. Young men were going off to college never again to return to the fellowship. Women, whose hearts were breaking from the sorrows of life, found no comfort in the grim fidelity of the noble pastor whom they honored but could not follow. They turned aside to find consolation and a little comfort in Christian Science, or some other modern substitute for the old-time religion.

At last the church so weakened that not even a coat of paint, which changed the old historical white church into a gloomy brown, or a season of revival under one of the Billy Sunday type, could save it. The old pastor lived long enough to see the dear old building sold for an Odd Fellows Hall and the remnant of the old church united with a neighboring church whose pastor greatly tried the old minister because of his proclivity to quote Browning.

This is the "Last Christian" of the old type and the author, this man of the magazines, has ventured to enter into the realm of the heretofore supposedly peculiar province of the preacher, to expose what he calls the "unquestioned fact of the disintegration of the creeds," the inadequacy of Christianity as represented by the traditional church, or churches if you like.

I am here to say that notwithstanding the claims of the secretaries and the mission boards, notwithstanding the annual arrays of statistical "facts," Mr. Turner in this book is dealing with the situation as it is. Is this, then, the fate of Christianity? After two thousand years, is this the end of the influence and power of the Man of Nazareth?

Christianity, as interpreted by these words, conventionally used, "total depravity," "salvation," "damnation," "redemption," "special revelation," "infallible Bible," "Trinity," "redeeming Son of God," the "blood of the Lamb," and all the rest of the orthodox lingo, is not sustained by the thinking of the twentieth century, is not being reinforced by the academic world. These dogmas do not appeal to the hearts of earth's noblest and bravest of today. For many people the Christ of the creeds has gone, or is going. The church, with its claim of divine partiality, an institution divinely established on earth, of whatever name or label, is also passing out of the life of today. There is today a vanishing Christ. There is today a dying church. Jesus, the miraculous savior of men, is losing his potency.

What have we left? Is there a Jesus, the helper of man who is to abide? I believe and I have tried to help you to understand my belief through this hard year's work, that there is a Jesus that still abides increasingly in the hearts of men, and that his message and mission are yet to come to their full power and supreme efficiency. But this Jesus, whatever else he is, is not a substitute for intellectual integrity. He does not give a furlough to the intellects of men and women. He does not relieve us from the responsibility of thinking, or whatever the achievements of the intellect may be. Whatever the accumulations of knowledge may be, they come to stay, and the Christ that stands in the way of these must get out of the way,—Christ as an annoyance to the thinker is passing. Neither does he come as a substitute for man's spiritual integrity. The Christ that is an excuse or apology for duties ignored

or for responsibility unassumed, either of wealth, heart or brain, will have to go. This is the verdict of science, sustained by the accumulated testimony of the wise. Again, the Jesus that was "peculiar," "exceptional," a unique teacher, unlike and unrelated to all other teachers, will have to go, because the religion founded in his name has failed to make good its claim to exclusive possession of truth or a monopoly of virtues. Christianity has no patent right, even to the "Golden Rule," no exclusive claim to the lofty idealism of the Sermon on the Mount. Says Max Mueller, one of wisest and most comprehensive students of religion:

> If there is any religion that does not teach one to be good, not bad, to be honest, not deceitful, I do not know it.

It is now more than a twice-told tale that there is no precept in the New Testament, no teaching however lofty, that the intelligent student can not match it in other Bibles and find it in the teachings of other blessed teachers. So it is not by virtue of any unique teaching, not even by virtue of any unique doing, that Jesus abides today.

The creeds have long since taken shelter behind the bulwarks of New Testament miracle and have fallen back upon these as the final witness to a revealed religion. But we know that if the credentials of religious teachers are dependent upon miracle many other teachers can out do the Nazerene in alleged wonder-working. The New Testament miracles are meager, commonplace and inadequate compared to the mighty wonders that burden the literature of the farthest East, or even of medieval Europe. The post-biblical miracles, the miracles of the early centuries and middle ages render those of the New Testament tame and commonplace. It is easy to see that the belief in miracles is weakening. They do not hold in the mind of the wisest students of religious history.

But there is something in the Jesus of the New Testament that does abide. What is it? It lies not in his wonder-working, not in his "works," not in the doctrines he taught, not in the teaching that you can catalogue. And yet, when we listen to snatches of the record read without comment we are led into the presence of an unexhausted potency. We are touched with a sense of a powerful personality. "Jesus wept," "He looked on Peter," "suffer the little children to come unto me." There is a "widow's two mites which make a farthing" placed in the contribution box. Here is a greater giver than that wealthy man who has put in his gold. "He looked upon the rich young man and loved him." "Neither do I condemn thee," poor woman! "Go and sin no more." "He went about doing good." "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but the Father." "Foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head." "Behold the man!" said Pilate in the trial hour. Ponder these quotations, picked up hit or miss out of the record, and what do we have?

Something which has burned its way through the Christianity of nineteen centuries; we have that which has humiliated and abashed military conquerors, capitalists and captains of labor in all generations; that which has touched with comfort, power and consolation, the bruised and the broken, the homeless and the discouraged; that which has burst the bonds of bigotry; that which has climbed over the highest fence that ecclesiasticism ever did or could build; that which has broken the power of ecclesiastic forms and ceremonies; that which has made popes and cardinals and bishops and elders and deacons look small and mean and unnecessary except as they moved along the heavenly lines indicated by the citations we have just read.

This Jesus who abides is a great, contagious, pervasive, loving human heart. The Jesus who abides is a brave, independent, peasant thinker. The Jesus who abides is a "reformer," "a social uplifter," "a humanitarian leader." I do not like to use these words. They are too small for the thing they represent, but if we persist in using them, who more deserves these high terms? Way up there beyond our Toynbees or Jane Addamses, beyond our reformers, our John Brights, our poets and prophets of the common people, our Walt Whitmans and the rest of them, we must write the name of the Carpenter's Son. He anticipated their independence and went farther than they in his courage in laying hold of the hopeless and in pleading the cause of the unfortunate. Jesus was and is the Master of Men because he represented in himself a masterful leadership.

Approach the story on these lines, survey the ground from this standpoint, and how poor and insignificant and uninteresting are the theological refinements about the "Trinity" and the "Savior" and all that.

> Draw if thou canst the mystic line
> Severing rightly his from thine,
> Which is human, which divine.

"I and my Father are one," he said, and in the tenderness of that prayer he asked that, "They all may be one with Thee even as I am one with Thee."

All this is true of the Jesus who abides in the hearts of men. He was the lover of man, the helper of man, the friend of the poor and the friend of the wealthy, for he looked on the man with great possessions and loved him, not on account of his possessions, but on account of his humanity.

One last assurance comes. I dare claim Jesus as the first and greatest cosmopolitan, the first and greatest universalist, not your theological universalist who expects to be all right and enjoy every body up yonder no matter what he may have done here, but the universalist of the inclusive heart and the inclusive sympathy. He was the man whose gospel touched the Samaritan and kindled in the heart of Paul the mighty movement we call Christianity, whose latest and perhaps most unique, if not only unique characteristic is that it has over-reached all the other religions of the world in its inclusiveness.

Pile up your accusations against formal Christianity as high as you please, render scholastic the charges of Mr. Turner, in the book above mentioned, and the fact still remains, that Christianity, even in its priestly and most technical form, has been the greatest democratic achievement of the race. The democracy of Rome out-reaches the highest claim of any democratic government in history, not so much by what it teaches as by what it is. The greatest language college in the world is the College of the Propaganda in Rome, where I do not know how many languages are taught for missionary purposes, not as studies in philology but in missionary efficiency. Men go there that they may learn to carry the message to the farthest islands of the seas, the message of love and salvation as they

understand it, in the language of those islands. What a tremendously significant fact!

Now we begin to see why John Fiske said that all his work in the study of evolution,—the ponderous two-volume work on cosmic philosophy, all his work in American history, including that valiant shelf of books detailing Puritanism and the various phases of pre-evolutionary days with the series interpreting the era of American history during our own rebellion,—was all practice work. He was training himself for the great *magnum opus* which he hoped to give to the world,—a study of Jesus of Nazareth and the beginnings of Christianity. John Fiske died with his work undone. We may wait long before we find a man so gifted by nature, so prepared by study and so disciplined by practice as he to write the story of the Nazarene. When that man comes he will lift the personality of Jesus out of the grasp of popes and bishops. When that time comes he will show how petty and small and impious are the claims of boastful "Ecclesiastical History." There is no *ecclesiastical* history. There is *history,* and when the history is written, then the great spiritual lights of the world, the great religious movements of the world, will take their places where they belong, in the forefront of the moving column. The combinations of war, the demoralizing limitations that magnify the lines marked with human blood will be retired into the background. That history will never be written except by one liberated as John Fiske was, one whose faith has outgrown the "Big White Church" of the New England village, one who is prepared to understand and appreciate the dear old pastor who went down, disappointed and dismayed because he saw the ruin of all he thought was sacred. John Fiske would understand that pastor. He could see beyond him and make great and commanding and abiding the message, with more of the keenness and insight which is displayed by John Kibbe Turner.

Let me try once more to place the emphasis upon what is coming to be seen as the crowning triumph of Jesus, his superlative message, his unchallenged leadership. Born under adverse circumstances, escaping from the intensity and narrowness of the stream that produced him, realizing the turbulence of the life about him, he broke through nationalism, partisanship, priestliness, and declared for him who befriended the man who had fallen among thieves though he was a Samaritan. Jesus was a cosmopolitan.

Last Thursday I stood by the grave of Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, a name that perhaps carries no personal connotation to any in this audience, save to those whose hair is white. He lies in a little obscure graveyard out in the woods near Lancaster, Pa. On the modest granite block was engraved an inscription of his own composition. It was raining, and I could not impose on the patience of my host to wait long enough for me to copy it, but the inscription reads something like this:

> I have asked to be buried in this sequestered spot, not because I shun the public but because I find there are charter provisions in other cemeteries forbidding the burial of those of the African race, and so I wish to testify in my death as in my life that God is the Father of all races.

Thaddeus Stevens was an inspiration to my elder brothers more than to me. He stood in the forefront of the anti-slavery fight in Washington for many a year as a representative from Pennsylvania, and to this day he testifies in that inscription that he wished to be counted in with the great seers of the race who recognized that color is but skin deep and that race distinctions are superficial. I do not need to analyze the character of "Thad Stevens." He had many defects, but in his death he lined himself up with the Man of Nazareth.

The next day I visited the fashionable cemetery of Lancaster, where there were towering monuments, bronzes and marbles galore. There I stood by the grave of James Buchanan, whose simple tomb stated that he was the "Fifteenth President of the United States." The stone was respectable, severe, naked. Across the aisle,—it was still raining,—I found myself in danger of stepping upon the grave of one "sergeant," as the little slab said, the sergeant of some company. Over that sergeant's grave waved the flag of his country, flowers still unfaded were lying on it. On the ex-President's grave there was no flag, no flowers, no shrubbery, nothing to ameliorate the awful severity of dignified oblivion. Here was a man who did something that the nation honors, a man good, clean, high-minded, but who, through his lack of illumination and executive consecration, permitted an awful wrong to be done the nation.

Last Friday I was at Longwood, Pennsylvania. Here again the name Longwood may mean but little to most of you. I was there twenty-three years ago. A gray-haired woman was present who remembered the sermon I had preached and wanted to hear it again. Another woman brought her little child along hoping I would preach the same sermon, unmindful of the fact that that sermon had taken the direct path to oblivion long ago by way of the printing press. The sermon died from two causes, one from being preached and the other from being published, death being equally sure in both cases.

Sixty-two years ago this very June the first meeting was held in the little Longwood Quaker meeting house of the brightest and best men and women who could be found to bear their testimony to freedom. And every year since in that little wooden meeting house has been held an annual meeting at which they still muster those most heroic and most devoted in the reforms of the day, woman suffrage, temperance, the cause of the toiler and of the black and the red man, the cause of peace and all the rest. Out in the little graveyard are the tombs of Bayard Taylor, Oliver Johnson and many more, fathers and mothers of the anti-slavery Israel, in their death testifying at least once a year to the gospel of brotherhood in its largest and broadest interpretation. The friends who gather there call themselves the "Progressive Friends," and they are the only religious society in existence under that name.

I am in the habit of saying that labels, particularly religious ones, misrepresent more than they represent, and prove libels rather than labels, but if I were to choose a label by which I might be remembered I would wish to be called a Progressive Friend, a progressive friend of human souls, one who finds in that friendship and its progressive qualities the best attitude of worship that I am able to realize, the most effective point of view to study the life reached by man. Here is the most adequate foundation of the building of that church which is slow in coming and can be seen only by the eye of faith, but a church that is to come and is coming, that will outreach the

farthest limits of ecclesiastical Christianity and go deeper than any of the rock-ribbed dogmas of the creeds or the furbelows of forms and ceremonies.

This, then, is the Christ that still abides in the hearts of men. Though the "Big White Church" of the New England village has been sold for an Odd Fellows Hall, there is something typified in the old building, which has power to redeem, glorify and translate the Odd Fellows Lodge into a home of human brotherhood, a shrine for consecrated wills and a platform for free minds, such as will conserve the church that is to come. A church built upon the Jesus that abides in the hearts of men to bless and unite the children of men.

I close by reading the hymn by Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, which the Friends sang at the close of their meeting at Longwood:

Today in full accord we meet,
With loving hearts and free;
In equal fellowship we greet,
In loving charity.

Come hither, all, the great, the least,
The Heathen, Buddhist, Jew;
Come Christian, Moslem, Layman, Priest!
There's room enough for you.

Leave out no hope: "Who enter here,
Leave only doubt and hate,
Leave scornful laugh and bigot's fear,"
We write upon our gate.

Come one, come all, who come in love!
Our church is wide and free,
Free as God's glorious heaven above,
Wide as humanity.

We thank Thee, Father, for the open heart, the open mind, the open hand. Make us worthy the holy inheritance that has come to us through thy chosen ones of all ages and nations and name. Amen.

A Non-Militant Lesson from the Front

A reader of UNITY writes:

One of my nephews who came from Australia with the first company of volunteers was killed March 1st. There are three others in France, one in the ambulance service, one in the Irish Cavalry and one in the Infantry.

The enclosed letter brings the horrors of war home to me. I do not sleep nights haunted by the thought of the poor boys lying wounded, many of them dying alone on the field.

If out of all this comes world-wide democracy it will have been bought at a terrible price. Somehow, these three men, mortally wounded, enemies so called, strike a note of brotherhood which goes straight to the heart.

And this is the story told by Hapgood Moore and clipped from the *Minneapolis Tribune* of August 8:

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

It was one of the aftermaths of Verdun. In an eddy of the battle and in the shelter of a crater three wounded men found themselves jumbled together. One was a French marine, one a Scotch officer, and one a private in the Uhlans.

The Frenchman was the last to come to himself. He saw the other two bending over him rendering first aid. The Britisher was pouring water down his throat and the German was trying to staunch his wound with an antiseptic preparation served out to him by his medical corps.

The Highlander had a shattered leg and the German had several pieces of shrapnel buried in his side. In spite of their sufferings both were trying to help another. When the Frenchman had come to full consciousness the German looked over his kit, took out a package, read the directions, gave the other two a morphia injection and took one himself.

After this, all feeling wonderfully at ease, they began to talk, for they could all speak English. They reviewed the day. Each briefly gave his own military history.

"How old are you, comrade?" the Uhlan asked the Scotchman.

"Twenty-nine. And you?"

"Twenty-five. And you?" to the other.

The Frenchman acknowledged twenty-three. He asked if the others were married. They had all been. But the marine had no wife. He had a sister. Then they passed a smoke about, and one of them said: "Why did we ever fight one another?" Nobody had any answer, so they all fell silent.

The Frenchman found a pad of paper and a pencil and started a letter about the three. The German took out a small prayer book and, by the failing light, tried to read a service for soldiers wounded in battle. The Highlander fell asleep. Above was the constant roar of guns, but whenever silence fell they could hear the blackbirds singing in the blood-spattered corn.

The Frenchman looked over toward the Scotchman. In spite of his mud-stained uniform and gory face, he looked the picture of freedom. His stern face relaxed as he slumbered.

The insects troubled him, and as he stirred uneasily the marine beckoned to the Uhlan who lay nearer and he, with some difficulty and pain, reached over, washed away some of the blood with a rag dipped in a puddle, and then he patted him on the cheek.

The Highlander smiled. "Is it you, mother?" he whispered.

The Red Cross brought in the three bodies the next morning. They found this story in the Frenchman's unfinished letter.

A Call to Young Men

Your first duty in life is toward *your afterself*. So live that your afterself—the man you ought to be—may in his time be possible and actual.

Far away in the years he is waiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul, are in your boyish hands. He cannot help himself.

What will you leave for him?

Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust or dissipation; a mind trained to think and act; a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about you? Will you, Boy, let him come as a man among men in his time?

Or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had the chance to touch it? Will you turn over to him a brain distorted, a mind diseased; a will untrained to action; a spinal cord grown through and through with the devil grass we call wild oats?

Will you let him come, taking your place, gaining through your experience, happy in your friendships, hallowed through your joys, building on them his own?

Or will you fling it all away, decreeing, wantonlike, that the man you might have been shall never be?

This is your problem in life—the problem vastly more important to you than any or all others. How will you meet it, as a man or as a fool? It is your problem today and every day, and the hour of your decision is the crisis in your destiny!

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion

A Biographical Study from Erasmus to Emerson

Being the Seventh Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

XXX.

Prophets of Universal Religion

III.

James Martineau 1805-1900

"Do the right, and your ideal of it grows and perfects itself."

Probably the most interesting autograph album in English is the one that was presented to James Martineau on his eighty-third birthday. It contained between six and seven hundred signatures which represented the academic and ethical leadership of two continents and in binding and illumination represented the highest art to be found in England. The address was handed to various groups of eminent people for criticism and received its final revision at the hands of Professor Jowett, the "grand old man" of Oxford.

The first signature was that of Tennyson; the next was that of Robert Browning, followed by the names of Benjamin Jowett, G. G. Bradley, Dr. E. Zeller of Berlin, F. Max Muller, W. E. H. Lecky, Edwin Arnold, E. Renan, Otto Pfleiderer; a long list of professors of St. Andrews, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Oxford; of the Universities of Jena, Berlin, Croningen, Amsterdam, Leiden; of Harvard University, the Andover Theological School—its entire board of instruction, of Johns Hopkins University; of members of Parliament in long array; of distinguished Americans—James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Frederic H. Hedge, Phillips Brooks, Philip Schaff; a great number of clergymen of England, France, Germany, Holland, America,—the leaders of all schools of Protestant Christian thought. Party distinctions were lost to view in the common recognition of a common benefactor. As one scans the list of names and marks the many that are the lustre of our age, leaders in letters, science, philosophy, theology and public service, he is likely to query whether a nobler tribute could have been offered.

A few sentences from the address itself will indicate Martineau's place in our course of study. It reads:

We thank you for the help which you have given to those who seek to combine the love of truth with the Christian life; we recognize the great services which you have rendered to the study of the Philosophy of Religion; and we congratulate you on having completed recently two great and important works, at an age when most men, if their days are prolonged, find it necessary to rest from their labours.

You have taught your generation that, both in politics and religion, there are truths above party, independent of contemporary opinion, and that which cannot be overthrown, for their foundations are in the heart of man; you have shewn that there may be an inward unity transcending the divisions of the Christian World, and that the charity and sympathy of Christians are not to be limited to those who bear the name of Christ; you have sought to harmonize the laws of the spiritual with those of the natural world, and to give to each their due place in human life; you have preached a Christianity of the spirit, and not of the letter, which is inseparable from morality; you have spoken to us of a hope beyond the world; you have given rest to the minds of many.

The story of James Martineau is briefly and easily told because it is that of the life of a scholar. It was spent in the study, above controversy, above dispute, although he led many a forlorn hope for the time being. Martineau is a Huguenot name, four or five generations back a Dr. Martineau having been driven from France by the Huguenot persecution. He was a physician, a profession popular in that family, the medical profession of England for three or four more generations being honored by the name of Martineau. The father of James, Thomas Martineau, was however a successful manufacturer of bombazine in Norwich. James was the last of seven remarkable children, his sister Harriet, three years his senior, enjoying even a wider reputation than he did, clearly one of the leading women in English literature, traveled in America, and took a hand in the anti-slavery, suffrage and temperance agitations which were disturbing people in the 50's.

The first enthusiasm of James was, like that of Immaneul Kant, for mathematics. His father thought he was just the kind of timber out of which to make an engineer and he started out with that intention. The family was Unitarian, following in the wake of Joseph Priestley, and Harriet was sent to a school taught by Dr. Lant Carpenter, another big name in English history associated with science, religion and literature. Dr. Carpenter was pastor of a little Unitarian Church in Bristol, and like so many Unitarian ministers in England and Wales, was a preacher for the love of it and a teacher for the bread and butter of it. Harriet was so enthusiastic over the great teacher that James also went to school to him, not, however, relinquishing his career as an engineer, and a year or two were spent in the shops. But he had caught glimpses of something higher intellectually and decided he wanted to be a preacher, to the delight of his mother but to the distress of his father, who feared that he was giving up a brilliant career for a meager living.

The theological schools of Cambridge and Oxford not being open to Unitarians, he entered Manchester New College, where a professor is said to have remarked that he never knew who was to give the lesson, the professor in the chair or James in the class. James asked so many intelligent questions as to create real interest. On graduating he spent two years as assistant to Dr. Carpenter, but he still wished to preach and accepted a call as assistant in a little Unitarian Church, nominally Presbyterian, in Dublin.

While working in the machine shops he had boarded in the home of the Rev. Edward Higginson, an Unitarian minister, who besides books possessed a charming daughter, Helen. The lad and lass became interested in one another and as soon as Martineau was ordained they married.

In Dublin Martineau's first test came. Death claimed the senior pastor and he was called to take full charge. At that time the Presbyterian Church received a "royal bounty" which had been established by King James, who hoped thereby to encourage Protestantism. Presbyterianism means in Scotland and America a pretty stiff orthodoxy, but in those days in Ireland, Wales and England it meant simply a form of Congregationalism or church government. This bounty was to go to any non-Catholic Church.

Martineau decided that this was not fair to the Catholics in Ireland, who were taxed for a fund that was appropriated for sustaining a form of religion in which they did not believe. Very kindly and nobly he informed his trustees that he could not accept the $100 subsidy. The younger men were willing to forego the money but the conservative deacons cast their votes against Martineau.

The situation of the young couple was rather pathetic. Friends had advanced money to build a house large enough for a school, so that they were in debt. Then came a call to Liverpool, where Martineau stayed twenty-five years, preaching there on Sunday, going to Manchester on Tuesday, lecturing in the New Manchester College, his alma mater, and returning on Friday, writing his sermon on Saturday.

At the expiration of the twenty-five years the college was moved to London, too far to be visited weekly, and Martineau was asked to take the presidency of the college and live in London. A little Unitarian Church on Portland Street saw its opportunity and there Martineau preached for sixteen years. At eighty years he resigned his pulpit and kept on with the presidency and wrote books until over ninety.

An interesting item in his life is that which tells how for once a radical man was not only tolerated but sufficiently appreciated so that he was lifted above the fret and anxiety of bread and butter. He won his great tribute already spoken of when eighty-three years of age, but at sixty-seven, in the full storm and stress of his profound scholarship, when leaving for a vacation he was handed a silver plate bearing an inscription and five thousand pounds, a much larger sum then than now.

All his life he was a profound student of current questions, those scarcely tolerated by the Unitarians. He sighted Theodore Parker, hailed and greeted him. His biographer says that "He had a smile for Emerson but applause for Parker," although he did not always agree with him. He had a strong hatred for war and at the time of the Civil War he held back at first and refused to sign some anti-slavery circular, upon which Orville Dewey, a conservative Unitarian minister, congratulated him. In his reply he makes clear his position, saying: "I have irrevocably made up my mind that you have got into a wrong position,—the exigencies of which your genius and character are too noble to serve." And further:

> My dear Dewey, what business have you among the ranks of those who have nothing but dollars and doubts to plead against the primary claims of Nature and the Human Soul? . . . Forgive my earnestness in this matter; to an ordinary man one might speak more slightly, but you are too considerable to be lost from any true cause without prayers and tears. Channing began with objecting to the Abolitionists. So did Emerson; so did you. The future age will reckon all three among the most powerful agents of Emancipation, will it not?
>
> Theodore Parker struck and delighted us much; a man of vast acquirement and large grasp of mind, and so fresh and simple. He preached for me and for Thom; for what are we, that, for any heresies, we should disown such a man? I cannot but expect great things from him.

From the very start he was what was very peculiar in those days, peculiar even among Unitarians, he was not only a total abstainer but a non-smoker; the smoker offended his sense of the pure and high life.

Martineau, although the oracle of Unitarian philosophy and thought, would never wear the name, and when his trustees placed a sign, hoping thereby to draw crowds, directing the way to the "Unitarian Church, James Martineau," he stood it for one Sunday. He said, "While I myself am a Unitarian, I am not a pastor of an Unitarian Church."

In 1893, when planning for an international conference of Unitarians, Mr. Jones wrote to Mr. Martineau, who in his reply said:

> It may slightly indicate the nature of my disability if I confess that, Unitarian as I am, I have always sympathized with Channing's aloofness from any organization of Unitarianism as either Church or Philosophical School. Its doctrine of the divine nature, as opposed to the Trinitarian, appears to me wrongly chosen for the center and designating term of an articulated system of faith and thought; being compatible and having historically been combined with Materialism and Spiritualism, with Necessity and Free Will, with Pessimism and Optimism, with the finality of death and with Immortality; all of them matters far more near to the human heart and operative in human character and life than the theory of distinctions or no distinctions in the Divine nature.

Drummond tells of an incident in which the Unitarians lost an opportunity. When Colenso went to England to publish his book on the Pentateuch, it looked as if there was no place for him in the Episcopal Church. Martineau desired that he be given a professorship in Old Testament literature, believing it a great opportunity for the college. The conservative Unitarians voted against him and Colenso went back to Africa.

Martineau's life is told adequately by two biographers. "The Life and Letters of James Martineau," in 2 volumes, by James Drummond, and "James Martineau, A Biography and Study," by A. W. Jackson, for many years an Unitarian minister in Massachusetts.

Perhaps his three greatest works, which are classics, are, "Endeavors After the Christian Life," "A Study of Religion" and "The Seat of Authority." His "Hymns of Praise and Prayer" is said to be one of the best of all hymn collections and "Services IX and X" in a "Book of Common Prayer," widely used by Unitarian churches in England, prove that the sources of a noble liturgy lie in the fields of our Liberal Faith. In honoring Martineau other countries have done what his own failed to do. In 1872 Harvard University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., and in 1875 the University of Leyden gave him the degree of D.D., Edinburg D.D. and Oxford LL.D.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What was Martineau's first profession?
(2) Where was Martineau's first pastorate?
(3) What college made him its president?
(4) What are his three greatest works?
(5) What was his contribution to the religious thought of today?

From friend to friend the choicest gift
That ever love can give,
Is that which comes the heart to lift,
Or help the soul to live.

Of all fair bounties ever sought,
Of gems or jewels rare,
What treasure like a lovely thought,
Or love's far-reaching prayer.

—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

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THE OBLIGATIONS OF WEALTH.

The principle that wealth is only justifiable and excusable when its temporary possessor shows a true sense of trusteeship is becoming generally recognized in this country, and those who refuse to accept it are being looked upon as unworthy, however much their accumulations may speak for their success in life. What is true of wealth is also true of power and position, of genius and ability; their true quality is being increasingly measured by the use to which they are being put, not the results in dollars and cents. This applies to corporations as well as individuals. In fact, all success, in these days, must be measured by the yardstick of service to humanity, not posthumous but current.

A very notable and noble example of this outstanding characteristic of the times, which, it must still be admitted, is more significant than typical, was the disposition recently made of their large fortune by two very famous Americans, brothers, Dr. William J. Mayo and Dr. Charles H. Mayo, of Rochester, Minnesota. These eminent surgeons, known throughout the civilized world for their great skill, had in the course of their practice amassed a sum of money far beyond their needs, and two years ago they proposed to endow the University of Minnesota with a foundation for medical education and research.

* * *

The work to be carried on mainly at Rochester for at least twenty-five years. At the end of that time, if the regents believe establishment elsewhere will better fulfill the purposes of the foundation, they may move it to any place in the state of Minnesota. The terms provide that ten per cent of the income must be spent outside of the state, and this is cumulative in order to provide for research work anywhere in the world. Another ten per cent is to be held for emergencies. The remainder of the endowment is to be spent within the state for medical investigation and high-grade instruction.

Dr. William J. Mayo, in speaking of the gift, said:

"What we want to do is to make the medical experience of the past generation available for the coming one and so on indefinitely, so that each new generation shall not have to work out its problems independently, but may begin where its predecessor left off. This foundation, its fund and all that goes with it are the contribution of the sick of this generation to prevent sickness and suffering in the next and following generations.

"We were fortunate in coming to hold this, to us, very large sum of money which we wished to dedicate to this purpose. We are now at a time of life when we can see things as clearly as we ever will be able to do. We have some purpose in carrying this function on. As one gets older his horizon becomes more limited. Man is no different in his head than in his joints. He is just as likely when he gets older to changes in his brain as in his joints, his muscles or his stomach. We don't want to take chances.

* * *

"We never regarded the money as ours. The securities, it will be noticed, are much scattered, and many small investments were made. That was because whenever we got three thousand dollars or so ahead we would invest it and lay it aside. This money put into the foundation came from the people, and we believe, my brother and myself, that it should go back to the people. That was my father's attitude in life. The money accumulated almost in spite of us, and we had very little idea how much there was of it until the war came on, and we took up the idea of this foundation."—*From The Bellman of September, 1917.*

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.

Annual Statement of the Commonwealth Casualty Company of Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the 31st day of December, 1916, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of capital stock paid up in cash	$152,215.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	$188,298.79
Policy fees required or represented by application	14,013.00
Interest, rents and dividends	7,567.79
From other sources	3,611.12
Total income	$213,490.70

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	$ 57,727.13
Investigation and adjustment of claims	931.15
Policy fees retained by agents	13,998.50
Commission or brokerage	50,467.08
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employes	27,217.50
Rents	3,058.17
All other taxes, licenses and insurance department fees	5,239.78
Legal expenses, advertising, printing and stationery	3,699.66
Postage, telegraph, telephone, express, furniture and fixtures	2,495.59
Stockholders for interest or dividends (inclusive 50 M stock dividend)	61,000.00
All other disbursements	31,983.81
Total disbursements	$257,818.37

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds and stocks	$179,590.62
Cash on hand and in bank	21,029.84
Premiums in course of collection	3,934 87
Other ledger assets	7,475.88
Total ledger assets	$212,031.21

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest and rents due and accrued	$ 1,495.00
Gross assets	$213,526.21

DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.

Agents' balances	$ 524.74	
Furniture, fixtures, supplies, printed matter and stationery	4,000.00	
Book value of real estate, bonds and stocks over market value	6,990.62	
Other unadmitted assets	233.33	
		11,748.69
Total admitted assets		$201,777.52

LIABILITIES.

Net amount of unpaid losses	$ 1,900.22
Expense of investigation and adjustment of unpaid claims	150.00
Total unearned premiums	16,062.82
Commission and brokerage	786.97
Salaries, rents, bills, etc	1,543.37
State, county and municipal taxes	3,500.00
Other liabilities	1,945.27
Total liabilities excluding capital	$25,888.65

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total premiums received during the year	$ 1,284.65
Total losses paid during the year	244.54

I. N. STEVENS, President.
E. S. COOK, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this ..... day of ....., 191...

.....
Notary Public.

[SEAL] .....
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